GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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TERMS:

WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET Issued Every Thursday Morning, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

All communications should be addressed to KINNEY NICHOLS & CO., Springfield, Ohio.

NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

Ma H C Saynes, 23 Park Row, New York, is the Globk-Expublic's special representative, twhom all Eastern advertising business, must be

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4.

Steel is now gradually superceding iron in railways and machinery of all kinds.

Spring time may be a good time to take medicine; but it is a better time not to

Mr. D. D. Taylor, of the Guernsey Times, is president of the Guernsey county Sabbath School Union.

We don't take much stock in Reil, the Canadian Rebel. He used to sell whisky to our Indians in the West.

Cleveland has a new and beautiful prima donna whose smile is broad enough to cover a fair sized township.

Mayor Carter Harrison has sued nearly everybody for libel but ex-Senator John A. Logan! But he will never sue him!

It is stated that Mr. John R. McLean of the Cincinnati Enquirer, didn't "go for Cleveland" on election day. It seems quite likely that he will fully make up for his neglect by going for him now!

"Going to hell on wheels," is what an Illinois minister calls roller skating. This explains why the saloon-keeper doesn't like rinks. He thinks people should go on foot, (by his route,) in the old-fashioned

Even the great metropolitan dailies are occasionally downed by the Intelligent Compositor. The Times-Star of Cincinnati is giving biographies of "Prominent Cuckeyes." It meant Buckeyes-qot Cuckeyes-or Cockeyes.

Toledo is now agonizing for a bridge in the Fifth Ward and she wants Wood county to help her pay for it. We have a grudge against Wood county and we hope the Toledoans will take it out of her hide if she doesn't come to time without.

This, from the Xenia Daily Gazette, is pleasant reading for the many friends of our distinguished ex-Senator:

The Springfield GLOBE-REPUBLIC thinks Hon, Tom J. Pringle would make an accepta ble candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

Is is announced that Bob Ingersoll became a pagan because a Presbyterian church in Northern Ohio mistrested his father. So poor Bob tries to punish the Almighty for the faults of those naughty Presbyterians! But the Almighty continues to exist and reign. Poor Bob!

A dog that knows where to find a bone is wiser than a scholar who has not learned how to make a living.—John Swinton's Paper (April 19.)

There is a good deal of practical sense and truth in this, and the dead-beats who are getting a thousand to two thousand dollars a year and can't (or don't) pay their debts ought to make a note of it.

Julius Chambers is said to be the name of the clever person who some months since wrote the financial story "On a Margin." He is a graduate of Cornell University and for several years has been connected with the New York Herald. All this is from the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, whose editor doesn't seem to know what has made Julius a great man. He was born in Ohio-Bellefontaine, at

that! "With us," says the Boston Herald. "some families dine at 1 p. m., others at 2. others at 3, and still others at 4, so that, unless one is well acquainted with the family characteristics, it is altogether unsafe to adopt social methods here that would be eminently correct elsewhere.' "With us" some families do not dine at all. Their members wouldn't be particular about the time of day if they could get a square meal-say one with eight or nine courses!

Let the public hold its breath while we relate an extraordinary fact, namely, that a newspaper man-Mr. Ernest A. Hemp stead, of the Crawford Journal, Meadville. Pa,-has commenced the erection of an overs house, and it is to be a fine one, too. the only way we can account for Mr. Hempstend's financial ability to do such a thing as this is that he was satisfied with printing a good, paying weekly, and didn't fool away his money on a daily! Hempstead, by the way, is an exceedingly good fellow and deserves all he gets.

Not only do Hon. S. S. Cox's old con gressional constituents in New York protest against him leaving them to take the mission to Turkey but leading Democrats throughout the country unite in declaring that he is too valuable a man to the party to be allowed to leave the country. Why not send Allen O. Myers to Turkey in Mr. Cox's place?

Speaking of the address delivered the other day before the Methodist preachers by Mr. Anthony Comstock, the Daily Saratogian observes:

It is the fashion to sneer at Comstock as anatic, if not worse, but he is one of the foremost apostles of moral cleanness, whose work is directly for the highest good of the race. If some lukewarm reformers knew what he knows, perhaps they would show If some lukewarm reformers knew

True, every word of it. All honor to Anthony Comstock, one of the bravest and truest men in America.

The New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Post tells how a woman wins at

The desire to win a dollar or two is at strong in the belle whose allowance of pin-money is a hundred a month as to one to quence. A tough old club man, notably a sticker for exactitude in his play, was brought the other night into direct antagonism with a the other night into direct antagonism with a bewitchingly beautiful maiden. He held three kings, she had cards which, according to Hoyle, couldn't have won the pot or anywhere near it, and yet he pushed the chips over to her after a moment's hesitation. "What under heavens did you do that for?" a friend, who saw both hands, asked. "Her two pairs beat my three of a kind," he replied. "But she didn't have two pairs." O, was she did—a pair of acres in her hand and yes, she did—a pair of aces in her hand and a pair of eyes in her head—blue ones with tears in them. They'd beat a royal flush if

"Sam, the Scaramouch," for Saturday, May 2, has an alleged portrait and a brief biography of Captain Asa S. Bushnell. The portrait does not represent the captain as the very fine looking man he is, but the biography fits very well and we give it below:

In the city of Springfield, county of Clark, and state of Ohio, there resides a gentleman who was christesed, when quite young, Asa S. Bushnell. Had he been cognomened John Smith, or John Jones, or John Brown, he would have thrived and become just as popular. Who is he? Any body who doesn't know of Captain Bush nell is not acquainted with Ohio affairs. To begin with, he was a brave soldier, then, as a manufacturer of the celebrated Champion agricultural implements, he amassed a song fortune. Captain Bushnell is more or less interested in politics, and is a probable Republican gubernatorial quantity. A whole-souled, genial gentleman is Captain Ass. S. Rushnell.

"Sam" can be had at Pierce's.

Let us have Republican clubs-pure and simple-throughout the country, whose members will have the single purpose to promote political purity and integrity, and good government, through the restoration and maintainance of the Republican party. A programme which contemplates, merely, the nomination of a certain man to the presidency in 1888 is angry glances. What business had a too narrow and too illiberal to be of much man old enough to be her father to use. Let us have the best and strongest ; man for our candidate in 1888, whether it be Blaine, or John Sherman, or Joe Haw. ley, or Seth Low, of Brooklyn, or some man not yet discovered. Let there be no any. If we had known a year ago what is er?' known now we might have acted with more wisdom-and a larger degree of suc-

The poet of the Columbus Dispatch fires a parting salute at the "greatly lamented" Ohio Legislature and it is the worst grind that devoted band of statesmen and heroes has yet endured. It is as follows:

Fare thee ill, O, Legislature!
Thou hast done thy very worst,
And with such a hideous nature
May no other e'er be curst!

Thou hast done thy selfish pleasure,

K-pt our tempers at a boil, Filled and rained the sacred measure Of obnoxious Standard Oil!

Thou hast done as little work as Thou couldn't well do every day;

Thou hast fawned upon and petted Partisans of meanest stripe, And toy odor, fool and fetid. Proves that thou are over-ripe.

Thou hast made thy wretched record,
And the people at the poils
Will snuff out thy badly checkered
Mass of Liliputian souls.

Fare thee ill, and if forever Still forever, fare thee ill; May thy like be with us never Till the water runs up hill!

We feel in our bones that these terrible 'verses' will exert an important influence on the impending campaign.

Much success has attended the efforts of Christian people in New York who have worked among the Chinese and the same is true in Philadelphia. On the with the promoters and friends of the "Chinese American Union," before whom the Chinese Sunday School pupils of the city sang hymns in both English and Chinese. A letter was read from Mr. Yung Wing, of Hartford, and Mr. Ah
Yang Ming, Chinese Consul at New
York, delivered an address in which he

You are a pair expressed great interest in this movement in behalf of his countrymen. The Sunday School Times, in giving an account of the School Times, in giving an account of the work says: "The Philadelphia union has giving Bessie the usual good-night's kiss. Poor girl, she missed it sorely, and sobbed he self to sleep; but she meant to be true to Jack all the same. Not even her mother's anger would inducted for the Chipses where the same. ducted for the Chinese, where there will be opened a bureau of advice and protection for the Chinese; and where, with opportunities for reading, playing games, and resting, a home will be maintained for the poor exiles whom half the earth's circumference separates from their own

Brown, Bonnell & Co., fron manufacturer, of Youngstown, O., have notified their employes that if the old scale of prices is insisted upon, the entire mill must be closed.

homes in the Flowery Kingdom."

Parting Lovers.

Winding upward rose a slender vine tree, Winding upward round the fort of Buda. Ab, so vine tree was it winding upward, But a loving maiden round her lover! Early had the twain begun their loving. Loving ever since their days of childhood, Now they had to say farewell forever.

To the maiden thus the stripling murmure "Three broad rivers, maiden, run befo

Three broad rivers, manden, the their their their a garden green is growing; lin the garden blooms a tree of roses; From that rose tree pluck a rose, O maiden, Lay it near thy heart, within thy bosom; Faster than the rose leaves rade within it, Faster fades my heart for thee, beloved!"

To the stripling thus the maiden answered: "Three high mountains, youth, arise before Three high mountains, year thee;
thee;
From the third there flows a quiet fountain;
Nigh the fountain lies a block of marble;
On the marble stands a silver chalice;
In the silver chalice lies a snowflake.
Bear away the snowflake from the beaker,
I have the heart, upon thy bosom;

AN ODD MISTAKE.

Mr. Grey was a man who had com-Mr. Grey was a man who had committed a great blunder. He had retired! And now time hung heavily on his hands, and he knew not what to do with himself. So, for lack of better occupation, he took to calling on a certain plump widow of his acquaintance, who had a remarkably pretty daughter.

Bessie Penloe was a younger additional committee of the committee of the

Bessie Peploe was a younger edition of her mother. They had the same black eyes, rosy cheeks, and wavy hair, and, truth compels us to add, the same

quick temper.
"I'll never marry old Gray," Bessie told Mrs. Peploe, defiantly, after the manner of the young lady who refused a man before he "axed her," for Mr. Grey had not yet proposed, although every evening he presented himself at the widow's dwelling, and sat by the fireside, in the most comfortable chair

in the room.
"We shall see," returned the elder she had set her mind upon the mar-riage, and already regarded Bessie as the mistress of Mr. Grey's comfortable house, in the High street of the comfortable little town in which they re-

"Yes; we shall see," muttered Bessie, and putting on her hat, slipped out to have a walk with her admirer, Jack Wilkins, to whom she confided her

Jack was poor, and for that reason had refrained from offering his hand to pretty Bessie; but when she told him that old Grey was after her, he could no longer disguise his feelings, and be-fore they parted the girl he loved had consented to be his wife.

consented to be his wife.

"What will mother say?" thought
Bessie, with a sigh, as they parted at
the gate of Mrs. Pepioe's little cottage.

"That horrid man will be there." That horrid man was there, in ar

armchair, opposite Mrs. Peploe.

He smiled at Bessie as she entered; but Bessie frowned at him in return, and his face fell. That evening the girl was absolutely sullen; she spoke in monosyllables, and ill-temper deprived her pretty face of half its beauty.

"I am afraid her mind is set ag...inst it," Mr. Gray told himself with a sigh, "and we might all be so happy, if she could only look at the matter in a proper light; but I suppose it's natural."

And he redoubled his efforts to be agreeable—poor little man! for he had affectionate heart, and his big house

But Bessie's face never relaxed its set expression. She hated the man, and meant to let him see it, in defiance of her mother's

was dull and lonely.

come courting her?
"You have behaved disgracefully," her mother said, when Mr. Grey had taken his departure. "It is so wicked to trifle with the love of any man. "I have never trifled with his love,"

retorted her daughter; "he must know that I hate him. I have never attemptpersonal booms-and no efforts to create ed to disguise it-now, have I, moth-"You are a fool," said her mother,

bluntly. "Mr. Grey is the best chance you have ever had, or ever will have, and I insist on your saying yes whe

"Mother," cried Bessie, impulsively, throwing her arms around her mother's waist, hiding her face in her bosom.

Mother, I have already said yes to somebody else—somebody I love very

dearly."
"What!" gasped Mrs. Peploc, freeing herself from her daughter's embrace. "What!"
"It is true enough," said Bessie, in a
faltering voice. "Jack has asked me
to marry him, and I have said yes."
"Without consulting me!" exclaimed
her mother, angrily, looking at her

her mother, angrily, looking at her with a stern, reproachful face. "I love him," returned Bessie. "He

is the only man in the world that I "Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mrs.
Peploe. "Even if I liked the young
man—which I don't—your marrying
would be out of the question. He can't
afford to keep you."
"I am not afraid of recovery." could ever care for."

"I am not afraid of poverty," said Bessie, bravely, "besides we are not going to marry in haste. We can

"Poor fool!" and Mrs. Peploe's lips curled. "I know what this waiting means for the woman. She goes on trusting and believing in his promises, and then when her beauty has faded, he turns round and marries someone

else. That's how it ends."
"Even then," said Bessie, "the woman is better off than if she had tied herself to somebody she could not

evening of April 21, the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in the last named city was filled with the promoters and friends of the yourself. You will marry Mr. Gray, and forget all about that misguided young man who ought to be ashamed of himself." "What for?" asked Bessie, with re-

of lunatics; but, fortunately, I've some sense left, and I won't stand by and see my daughter ruined for life."

And she flounced off to bed without duce her to give h m up and marry old

Grey.

She treated the object of her dislike with the greatest coldness on his next visit, and succeeded in making him look thoroughly miserable. But he brightened considerably when Mrs. Peploe, to atone for her daughter's rudeness, sought to engage him in conrudeness, sought to engage him in con-versation. Indeed the grateful little man ventured to give the elder lady's hand a gentle squeeze when he rose to take his departure; and, to his sur-prise and joy, it was warmly returned. "Now, if Miss Peploe would only get over her objection, how happy and

comfortable we should all be," he thought, as he trudged home, "Hulloa," coming suddenly face to face with a handsome young fellow in a rather shabby ulster.

"How are you, Jack Watkins?"
"Oh! I am all right, thank you," said Jack, sulkily, and strode on with-out another word, while little Mr, Grey stood gazing after him with a look of comprehension on his face. "I suppose she has been telling him all about it," he said to himself with a

sigh. "It's natural, I suppose, but it's selfish, too. Yes! It is a little bit selfish of them." And, shaking his head, the old gentleman knocked at the door of his house in the High-street—that large, gloomy house that had never seemed homelike since the death of that sister who had been his right

When we think we are going to make people happy, it is hard to find that we are regarded as an enemy, and Mr. Grey retired to rest in rather dismal spirits. He arose the next morning with the

determination of putting an end to his suspense by offering himself and his home in the High-street to the object of his attachment; he could bear the suspense no longer. When he arrived at the widow's cottage that evening Bessie was not at home. She had gone out to tea with some friends. Mrs. Peploe said, but

failed to add that she had wilfully ab-sented herself because the sight of Mr. sented herself because the sight of Mr. Grey was distasteful to her.

"I'm glad she is not at home, dear Mrs. Peploe." said Mr. Grey, looking very red and nervous. "I am glad she is not at home, because it gives me an opportunity of saying something that, is very near my heart."

He edged a little nearer to the widow as he spoke, and she smiled at him in an encouraging way.

She was a handsome woman, and

her smile revealed the whitest teeth in the world.

"Pray go on, Mr. Grey," she said.
"I am all attention."
Mr. Grey coughed, and looked excessively uncomfortable.
He wished that the widow would avent her bright area from his from his avert her bright eyes from his face; her steady gaze confused him, and he scarcely knew what he was going to

say.

He hardly liked to risk popping the
question, for a refusal would mean
banishment from the cheerful fireside where he had spent so many pleasan

But the widow was waiting for him to speak, and he could not back out now; he had gone too far.

Poor little man! His heart was beat-

ing like a sledge-hammer.

How still the room was. He started as the ashes dropped upon the hearth. This awful silence must be broken, or what would the widow think of him? He must say something.
"You must have known my object in

coming here so often," he blurted out "Well, I think I have guessed it," returned Mrs. Peploe, continuing the stitches in the stocking she was knit-

ting.
"I thought you would," observed
Mr. Grey, considerably embarrassed
by her reply, but relieved at the same
time, for it saved him from the ordeal of a long explanation. "Well, since

or a long explanation. "Well, since you have guessed my secret, can you give me hope?"

The widow was silent for a few moments, and Mr. Grey gazed at her in the deepest anxiety, his heart throbbing with mingled joy and fear.

The house in the High-street would seem more lonely than ever, if he re-

turned to it a disappointed man.
"I will be frank with you," she said presently. As far as I am concerned, there is no possible objection to the marriage; but Bessie is so young and

foolish that—"
"Ah! yee! I thought she would object," said Mr. Grey, rubbing his face with a red silk pocket-handkerchief. "But don't you think you could bring her round? I'd be so kind to er, that I'm sure she'd get over her dislike of the idea. Now, couldn't you induce her to be more reasonable?

"I have tried my best," said the widow, with a deep sigh. "But the girl is wild and headstrong. I seem girl is wild and headstrong. I seem to have lost all influence over her." "Then, after all, there is no hope for me," said Mr. Grey, looking terribly crestfallen. "I thought we would be

erestraten. "I thought we would be such a happy family—we four."
"We four!" repeated Mrs. Peploe, staring at him as if she thought he had taken leave of his senses.
"Yes!—we four! Why not?" asked

Mr. Grey. "I know Jack Watkins is very fond of Bessie, and I fancied we ould all be happy together, if I could only induce you to say 'yes.' "
"Then it is not Bessie you want."

said the widow, dropping stitches in her stocking, and blushing like a girl, as the truth flashed through her mind. "Bessie!" exclaimed Mr. Grey, laughing heartily. "What would I want with a child like that? Didn't you know," here he grew suddenly grave, "that it was you I wanted, Janet?"

"We all thought it was Bessle," stammered Mrs. Peploe. "Oh! what a fool I have been!" "Don't say that," returned Mr. Gray, in a sad tone of voice. "It is I who have been a fool to think you could

ever care for me." The widow made no reply to this, but gave him a glance that spoke vol-umes. In another moment his arm was around her waist, and he had stol-

en a kiss. en a kiss.

"And you think that Bessie won't object?" he said, anxiously.

"I am sure she won't," returned Mrs. Peploe, with a twinge of conscience, as she thought of the way she had received Bessie's confession of love for Jack Watkins.

for Jack Watkins. said a merry voice from the state said a merry voice from the doorway, and Mr. Grey hastily drew his arm from the widow's waist as Bessie en-

tered the room.

The kiss had opened the young lady's eyes as to the real state of affairs, and eyes as to the real state of affairs, and she knew in a moment that her mother had been the real object of Mr. Grey's affections. But, why had she not seen it before? She was angry with her-self for being such an idiot.

What in the world would Jack say? Would he be pleased to find that Mr. Grey was an imaginary rival?

Bessie pulled aside the blind and looked out to see Jack, who had escorted her home, standing on the opposite pavement with his eyes fixed on the cottage. Mr. Grey followed her, and, after peering over her shoulder, vanished from the room, while at the same moment her mother called her

away from the window.
"Bessie," said Mrs. Peploe, between laughing and crying, "forgive me for all the hard things I said to you."

"I will, indeed," returned, Bessie, heartily, as she kissed her mother; "but what fools we have been! We must have been as blind as bats not to see that it was you that he wanted all the time."

"Who would dream that he would have looked at me when you were

ar," returned Mrs. Peploe, stroking

her daughter's rosy cheek.

"Oh! mother," began Bessie, but
paused abruptly, as the door opened,
and Mr. Grey entered accompanied by Jack Watkins.

Jack Watkins.

The four looked at each other in silence for a few moments, and then, tickled by the absurdity of the situation, Jack went into convulsions of laughter. His mirth was contagious, and all laughed heartily, although Bessie tried to look indignant.

"All's well that ends well," observed Me Grey rubbins his hands and then

Mr. Grey, rubbing his hands, and then he bent forward and audaciously kissed Mrs. Peploe right before the eyes of the young people.

It was not long before a double wed-

It was not long before a double wed-ding was celebrated, Mr. Grey having lent Jack the money to start in busi-ness for himself, and from that day to this the couple in the big house and the couple in the cottage—a wedding pres-ent from Mr. Grey—have never regretted their choice.

To exidize jewelry by an expeditious and durable process, add five grammes of sulphuret of potash to a liter of hot water. As soon as the sulphuret is dissolved, dip the silver articles into the mixture; they will be sufficiently oxidized in the course of a few seconds. The mixture must be used as soon as possible, as it loses its exidizing power by chemical action if left to stand any length of time. The silver articles should then be plunged into fresh water and thoroughly cleansed and dried, then brushed and polished with a wire orush and some pulverized graphite, which makes the color darker. If the articles are ornamented with gold figures, the brush used must be what called a rouge brush. Silver vases and jewelry oxidized in this manner will prove very handsome and durable.

Hitherto, in every Canadian history, French or English, we have been told that the word "Quebec" was Indian, meaning strait, or promontory, while others have imagined that it is a corruption of "Quel bec"—what a beak! Here is something quite other and quite new: Mr. Henry W. Chapman, an English antiquary, thus writes: "I have an idea that it was Briquebee, in Normandy, about two and one-half leagues from Cherbourg, which gave the name to Quebec. The chateau of Briquebee was granted by Henry V., King of England, France and Nor-mandy, to William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and on his seal he calls himself Comes de Quebec. This was in 1420, seventy-two years before the discovery of America. Hence it is probable that Briquebec was formerly called Quebec also. The seal is in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, and is in the library of Stowe."-Montreal (Canada) Gazette.

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st., Cincinnati, O.

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